

Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 36

Fallen Angel

Chapter: 150

Part: 1

We are all like the bright moon, we still have our darker side, do not express to yours truly the moon is superb; display to me the sparkle, twinkle, and enthusiasm of light on shattered cut- glass, or a dead girl's memory. I may not have gone where I intended to go, but I think I have ended up where I needed to be- like she- her with me now- she- me – and you are too.

A theory where gone.

Flying horses post again-

I- Naddalin am flying around too even
back on Earth also for a soul to take... like the
one that passes with broken glass years ago,
she will come with me to the dark side I feel,
and that would- be Lily. Yet would she ever
leave Neveah- I do not know if I want to do
that to her- yet I would love to also... Lonely
girls that hang out at the graveyards, and
cry... for someone to ease the pain... We take...
over their bodies and minds... young sweet girls
like YOU! Even can be said for white angels too...
(it was too easy...)

...She lost her to me... yet, I had to
me could not help it, I need her to feed for life...
and she looks good in black- no? We will get her
too- I AM SURE OF IT! Yet she has him up
there so- o; that love will- last and last.

Part: 2

Naddalin, got a girl to come over to
this world in a death... today... it was said in
class. Now to she is fallen.

Anyways-

Emmah was tugging at her sleeve,
staring at her watch. And, we have exactly ten

minutes to get back down to their hospital wing without anybody seeing us - before Duerre locks their door...

- Besides-

Okay, and said Naddalin, wrenching her gaze from the sky, and let us go... Also, they slipped through their doorway behind them and down a tightly spiraling 'The Body of Neveah' staircase. Full of old dark wood, and leaded glass, that was also long-standing. As they reached the top of it, they heard voices. They flattened themselves they were, now

pushing themselves up against the wall and
they all listened. It sounded like garbage.

A theory where steeping hurriedly
along the corridor at their foot of their
staircase. With the, only hope Duerre's not
going to make complications, and snippily- saying.

We wanted to do this for years here
in this spot she and I- beyond, there Kiss will
be performed at once, in the tower, holding
hands... also... then, as soon as Nunez returns
with the Dementiators, we ran like lovers back
down- yet we had our time.

This whole Black affair has been highly embarrassing. They all knew about all the girls, and all the professors too. Yet, I cannot tell you how much I am happy about it all thought. Forward to informing their Daily Paper that we have *her* at last... said that we want this... allies, for this eternal life, at the castle, asking to be hallowed by darkness.

I- Daresay they will want to interview you, Sammie... and once young Naddalin's back in her right mind, I expect she will want to tell the Paper exactly how you

saved her... from the other side of things... She could have been...?

'-So-o I feel- that is so.'

Naddalin clenched her teeth, think she could have seen all that was in her old life, yet she has her so, that was good enough to fall too.

Then she caught a glimpse of Sammie's smirk as he and Harlan passed Naddalin and Emma's hiding place, as they were running through the fields... for flight.

There where footsteps died away,
yet, wherein mid-flight looking down on the eerie,
dark, and shadowy, warm glow of cottages with
tall grass and oak trees, in this land, waterfalls,
and hanging down weepiness, off the rock and
plant life... vines and old time-worn trees alike,
in a terrestrial that is musty, fog covered all
the time.

Naddalin and Emmah waited a few
moments to make sure they had their gone,
hand in levitating in midair, looking at one
another dumbly, and sheepish then started to

fly in the opposite direction of the hallowed castle.

(Back)

Emma- Walking on foot- and yes, we still do that... Um- like down one staircase, then another, along with a new corridor - then they heard a cackling ahead. Also, Charlotte...!

~*~

SO-o, Furthermore, Naddalin muttered, grabbing Emma's wrist; as well, in here!

Theory tore into a deserted classroom,
to their left just in time.

Charlotte seemed to be bouncing along
their corridor in boisterous good spirits,
laughing her head off.

- Besides-

Part: 3

Oh, her is horrible, and whispered
Emmah, her ear to their door. Also, bet her is
all excited because their Dementiators are going
to finish off Trius... And she checked her watch.
Besides, three minutes, Naddalin!

- And-

Theory waited until Charlotte's gloating voice had faded into their distance, then slid back out of their room and broke into a run again.

And - what will happen - if we do not get back inside before Duerre locks their door? And Naddalin panted.

And do not want to think about it!
And,

Emmah moaned, checking her watch again. And, One minute! And, they had reached

the end of their corridor with their hospital wing entrance. And, Okay - I can hear Duerre and said Emmah tensely. And come on, Naddalin!

Theory crept along their corridor. Their door opened, Duerre's back appeared.

Besides, am going to lock you in, and they heard her say. And it is five minutes to midnight.

Miss. Kizziah, three turns should do it. Good luck.

-And-

Duerre backed out of their room,
closed their door, and took out his wand to
magically lock it. Postulating, Naddalin and
Emmah ran forward. Duerre looked up, and a
wide smile and then appeared under the long
silver whiskers. And- Well? And, she said quietly.
And we did it! And said Naddalin breathlessly.
And... Trius has gone, with Becca beak... And...
So-o...!

(Up to the now)

Duerre grinned at them, and, well
Deanahe. She listened intently for any sound
within their hospital wing, and, yes, I think you

have gone too - get inside - I will lock you in...

Naddalin and Emmah slipped back inside their dormitory.

It was empty except for Jinger, who was still lying- there- all motionless in the end bed nude, just taking off her uniform.

~*~

As their lock clicked behind them, Naddalin and Emmah crept back to their beds, Emmah uncovering their Time-Turner back under her robes. A moment later, Madam Pomphrey came striding back out of her office.

Also, Did I hear their principal leaving?

Am I allowed to look after my
patients now?

- And-

Like- like- like, she was in a very bad-
bad- bad moody mood.

Naddalin and Emmah thought it best
to accept the Hayvannah sweet quietly. Madam
Pomphrey stood over them, making sure they
ate it. Nevertheless, Naddalin could hardly
swallow- and wanted to spit- not swallow, - yet

that was with more than that too- just saying,
said- Emma- te'a- he- ing.

She and Emmah were waiting,
listening, the nerves jangling... And then and
there- and there and then, as they both took
the fourth piece of Hayvanna- cholate from
Madam Pomphrey, they heard a distant roar of
fury heavenizing from somewhere above them...
swirling around them like dark haunts.

Besides, what was that? And said-
Madam Pomphrey in alarm.

Part: 4

Now they could hear angry voices,
growing louder and brassier. Madam Pomphrey
was staring at their door.

Besides, they will wake everybody up!
What do they think they are doing?

-And-

Naddalin was trying to hear what
their voices were saying, yet like the girls
before her like she could hear voices in her head
all the time- saying: this and that and or else-
wise- whatever. A theory where drawing
nearer- in her ear and it was buzzing and
ringing with, a high- E- E-E-e-e-e... hiss, of

them taking over her awareness and body in
this world, this is true for them to do, to see
feel, and hear only as they want you to- where
you may feel that you did or did not, or just
blackout, in not remembering- it is a spell that,
I know well- of mind- take- over, they can even
take out of my mouth for me- no-? ...YES! AND
IT SOUND

JUST LIKE ME- AND THEY CAN
MOVE MY HAND ARMS AND LEGS FOR ME
TOO- (LIKE I DON'T REMEMBER
MASTURBATING... YET MY HAND IS
DOING IT- AND I SEE IT GOING IN AND

OUT OF ME AND I KNOW THAT SHE IS IN
ME AND I AM IN HER...)

Chapter: 151

Part: 1

Like- she must have Disappeared,
Severus. We should have left somebody in the
room with her, so it would not freak her out.
When this gets out - And she DID NOT
DISPARATE! And- Lily roared, now very nearby.
And YOU CANNOT APPARATED OR
DISPARATE INSIDE THIS CASTLE!

THIS - HAS - SOMETHING - TO -
DO - WITH! And Severus - be repairable-
Naddalin has been locked up - And BAM Slam hit,
the freaking door of the wing burst open,
Harlan, Sammie, and Duerre came striding into
their area. Duerre alone looked calm. Indeed,
she looked as though she was quite enjoying
herself. Harlan appeared angry about it all.
Nevertheless, Lily was beside herself, I knew-
we- too- ominously we agreed. And, OUT WITH
IT!

And she bellowed. And WHAT DID
YOU DO?

And- Professor Lily, yes here a week
and she is that! And shrieked Madam Pomphrey.
And control yourself!

And- See here, Lily, be repairable, and
said, Harlan. And, this door is being locked, we
just saw.

Besides, THEORY HELPED HERR
ESCAPE, I KNOW IT! And, Lily flying, pointing
at Naddalin and Emmah. Her face was twisted,
and her teeth sharply pointed fangs; dribble
was flying from her mouth, now red blood from
the eyes. (Thoughts of RED- WHITE AND

BLUE came back to her... and here being cold is the way of life.)

Calm down, girl!

And Harlan woofed.

And you are toluene nonsense! She knew that would not be going back up either.

Part: 2

And, YOU DO NOT KNOW-! And shrieked Lily. And she DID IT, I KNOW she DID IT. (Whatever- IT is...,) and, that will do, Severus, and said Duerre quietly. Yep- yep just- thinking about what you are saying. This door

has been locked since I left their constituency ten minutes ago, Madam Pomphrey, have these students- left their beds, she is thinking about her and what she is going to do with her, in all their kissing of lips, that she and she has done...!

‘Partially, I would have welcomed a Dementor attack.

A deadly struggle for my soul would have broken their monotony nicely. You think you have had it bad, at least you have been able to get active, stretch your legs, get into a few fights... I have been stuck inside for a month.’

'How come...?' Asked- Naddalin,
frowning some.

'Because of their Ministry of Magic
still after me, and Waltemath will know all
about me being an Animangas by now, Worm tail
will have told her, so my big disguise is useless.
It is not much; I can do that for their- Order
of their Durizy ... or so- o Duerre feels.'

There was something about their
slightly- flattened tone of voice, in which Trius
uttered Duerre's name, and that told- Naddalin
that Trius, too, was not incredibly pleased with

their principal. Naddalin felt a sudden upsurge of affection for her God daddy.

At least you have known what is been going on, she said bracingly.

'Oh yes,' said Trius sarcastically.

'Listening to Snappiest reports, having to take all her snide hints, and that she is out there risqué her life, while- I's am sat on my backside, here having a nice comfortable time... talking to me about how their cleanings going...'

'What cleaning...?' Asked- Naddalin...

Part: 3

Trying to make this place fit for fallen habitation,' said Trius, waving a hand around their dismal kitchen.

'No one's lived here for ten years, not since my dear mother died unless you count her old house fairy, and she's gone around their twist ~ hasn't cleaned anything in ages.'

'Trius,' said MonDongos, who did not appear to have paid any attention to their conversation but had been closely examining an empty goblet. 'This solid silver, pal?'

'Yes,' said Trius, surveying it with distaste. 'Finest 22nd ~ century goblin-

wrought silver, embossed with their Black family crest.' That had come off, though, muttered MonDongos, polishing it with her cuff. Céline Katy NO, JUST CARRY THERE! Mr.'s Railie shrieked.

Part: 4

Naddalin, Trius, and MonDongos looked around and, within a split second, they had dived away from their table. Céline and Katy had bewitched a large ceilinged of stew, a jigger flagon of Butterbeer and a heavy wooden breadboard, complete with knife, to hurtle through their air towards them.

Their stew skidded the length of their table and came to a halt just before their end, leaving a long black burn on their wooden surface; their flagon of Butterbeer fell with a crash, spilling its contents everywhere; their bread knife slipped off their board and landed, point down, and quivering ominously, exactly where Trius's right hand had been seconds before.

'FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!' screamed Mr.'s -Railie.

THERE WAS NO NEED- I HAD
ENOUGH OF THIS JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN

USE MAGIC NOW, YOU DO NOT HAVE TO
WHIP YOUR WANDS OUT FOR EVERY TINY
LITTLE THING!

‘We were just trying to save a bit of
time!’ Said Céline, hurrying forward to wrench
their bread knife out of their table. ‘Sorry,
Trius, the mate did not mean to...’

Naddalin and Trius were both
laughing; MonDongos, who had toppled
backward off his chair, was swearing as she
got to his feet; Crook shanks had given an
angry hiss and shot off under their dresser,

from where his large yellow eyes glowed in their darkness.

Part: 5

'Girl changing and some nude, playing and then bathing,' Mr. Railie said, lifting their stew back into the middle of their table,' your mothers right, you are supposed to show a sense of responsibility now you have come of age.'

Part: 6

Emma- When she is inside of me, in many ways mind-body and erogenous zones

alike... I wonder who is squiring me, rubbing my body, softly... touching my boobs and butt, and inside there too alike... in it... she- her- all her coming through me, making me vibrate and pulsate to her body... it is wonderful, to feel more loves in life, that you would never understand unless you let someone in you- and take over ever that your mind boy and soul is- she can even see through my eyes- we can switch places- all in one mind game of a spell- called- The Back and Forth, spell.

Any-who-

'None of your brothers caused this sort of trouble!'

Mr.'s Railie raged at their twins as she slammed a fresh flagon of Butterbeer on to their table and spilling almost as much again. Sara did not feel their need to Apparated every few feet!

Charlie did not charm everything she met! Percy.' She stopped dead, catching her breath with a frightened look at her husband, whose expression was suddenly wooden.

'Let us eat,' said Sara quickly.

'It looks wonderful, Molly,' said
Sevket, ladling stew onto a plate for her and
handing it across their table.

For a few minutes, there was silence
but for their chink of plates and cutlery and
their scraping of chairs as everyone settled
down to their food.

Then Mr.'s Railie turned to Trius.

'I've been meaning to tell you, Trius,
there is something trapped in that writing
desk in their drawing room, it keeps rattling
and checking. Of course, it could just be a
Boggart, but I thought we ought to ask

Valastro to have a look at it before we let it out.'

'Whatever you like,' said Trius
indifferently.

'There are curtains in there are full
of Doxes, too,' Mr.'s Railie went on.' I thought
we might try and tackle them anyhow.'

'I look forward to it,' said Trius.
Naddalin heard their sarcasm in her voice, but
she was not sure, that anyone else did.

Opposite Naddalin, Tonks was entertaining Emmah and Jill by transforming her nose between mouthfuls.

Screwing up her eyes each time with their same pained expression she had worn back in Naddalin's bedroom.

Her nose swelled to a beak-like protuberance that resembled Snappiest, shrank to their size of a button mushroom, and then sprouted a great deal of hair from each nostril.

This was a regular mealtime entertainment because Emmah and Jill were

soon asking for their favorite noses. 'Do that one like a pig snout, Tonks.'

Tonks obliged, and Naddalin, immobilized, then up too, had their fleeting impression that a female Dariez was grinning at her from across their table.

Mr. Railie, Sara, and Sevket were having an intense discussion about sprites-haunts.

'Theory is not giving anything away yet,' said Sara. 'I still cannot work out whether they believe she is back. Course, they might prefer not to take sides at all. Keep out of it...'

'I's am sure they would never go over to You- Know- Whom,' said Mr. Railie, checking the heads. The theory has suffered losses too; remember that- goblin family she murdered last time, somewhere near Lavannah?'

~*~

'It depends on what they are offered,' said Sevket. 'And I am not toluene about gold. If they are offered their freedoms, we have been denying them for centuries they are going to be tempted. Have you still not had any luck with Amsel's, girl Sara...?'

Alissa, Allison, Adriane, and Ava, as you know nothing has changed with girls... and the conflict is still on, Sara is one of them down the line. They are like you and I- why do they feel they need to be more? Maiara Chenoa, for nothing, is going to change even after 200 years of back and forth... good and wicked. And Neveah is the cause yet again, said Duerre's, this girl is a noble haunt, that is a stain on us all. Look what she did all these girls, and he rolls out an old, tattered script.

That was a question for years that no one could get, said Haven.

'She's feeling anti-wizardry fallen angel right freaking now,' said Sara, 'she has not stopped raving about their Bagman business, she reckons their Ministry did a cover-up, those Sprites- Haunts never- ever got their gold from her, you know...'

A gale of laughter from the middle of their table drowned their rest of Sara's words. Céline, Katy, Jinger, and MonDongos were rolling around in their seats. Neveah was high up in her world, and this was not cool- not cool! Or so they thought.

'...And then,' Hayvannah-
MonDeanahgo's, tears running down her face,'
and then, if you will believe it, 'she- e says to
me,' she- e says,' Ere, Dung, where did get all of
them toads from?

'CUZ- some girl of a Sludgers gone and
Sailed all mines!' And I say, 'Sailed all
your toads, Will, what next? So, you will be
wanting some more, then?' And if you will,
believe me, all, their germless gargoyles buy all.
'I own toads back off me for a lot more what-
'she- e paid in their first place.'

'I do not think we need to hear any more of your business dealings, thank you very much, MonDongos,' said Mr.'s Railie abruptly, as Jinger slumped forwards on to their table, fly her wings spreading them wide- up with laughter on her face, and then looking evil to all that was around her.

'Beg par- Deanah, Molly,' said MonDongos at once, wiping her eyes and winking at Naddalin.' But, you know, will Sailed 'me off Warty Harris in their first place so I was not doing anything winger.'

'I's Do not know where you learned about right and winger, MonDongos, but you seem to have missed a few crucial lessons,' said Mr.'s Railie coldly.

Céline and Katy buried their faces in their goblets of Butterbeer; Katy was hiccoughing. In some regard, Mr.'s Railie threw a very nasty look at Trius before getting to her feet and going to fetch a large rhubarb crumble for pudding. Naddalin looked round at her God daddy.

'Molly does not approve of MonDongos,' said Trius in an undertone.

'How come she is in their Order?'

Naddalin said, very quietly.'

'She is useful,' Trius muttered.

'Knows all their crooks well, she would
since she is one herself.

But she is also very loyal to Duerre,
who helped her out of a tight spot once. It
pays to have someone like Dung around, she
hears things we do not,' like all that were
before her- with this- THING- HEX.' He said
wildly.

But Molly thinks inviting her to stay for dinner is going too far. She has not forgiven her for slipping off duty when she was supposed to be tailing you.

Three helpings of rhubarb crumble and custard later and their waistband on Natalie's jeans was feeling uncomfortably tight... (which was saying something, as their jeans had once been Diaries.)

As she laid down her spoon there was a stillness in their general conversation: Mr. Railie was leaning back in her chair, ever so-replete and relaxed; Tonks was yawning widely,

her nose now back to normal; and Jill who had attracted Crook shanks out from under their dresser, was sitting cross-legged on their floor, rolling Butterbeer corks for her to chase.

Part: 7

'Nearly time for bed, girls are nude running around, washing you can see them, I think,' said Mr.'s Railie with a yawn, and give a nude hug to her than them my girl. And I kiss her... and finger her, bits.

She drove his tongue into her setting off another shattering moan that was music to her ears.

She was quite an instrument to play,
so finely tuned, and if she touches her right,
she made their most glorious sounds, raw,
intense, delicious noises of pleasure as she
plundered her with her tongue.

She grabbed her long hair, yanked,
and pulling her closer as she had told her to do.
She thrust one finger into her, cooking it and
hitting her in their spot that turned her moans
into one long, high- pitched orgasm.

She shuddered against her, her legs
quaking, and when she finally slowed to look up

at her, she saw her hair was a wild tumble, and her face was glowing.

Oh- ah...

(Next day)

‘Not just yet, Molly’ said Trius, pushing away his empty plate and turning to look at Naddalin.’ You know, I am surprised at you. I thought their first thing you would do when you got here would be to start as the queen questions about Waltemath.’

Their atmosphere in their room changed with their rapidity Naddalin associated

with their arrival of Dementiators. Where seconds before it had been sleepily relaxed, it was now alert, even tense.

A frigidly had gone around their table at their mention of Waltemath's name. Sevket, who had been about to take a sip of wine, lowered her goblet, flying suspiciously.

'I did!' said Naddalin indignantly. 'I asked Jinger and Emmah, but they said we're not allowed in their order, so-o.'

'And they're quite right,' said Mr.'s Railie.

'You're too young.'

She was sitting bolt upright in her chair, her fists clenched on its arms, every trace of drowsiness gone.

And since when did someone have to be in their Order of their Durizy to ask questions?' inquired Trius. 'Naddalin's been trapped in that nonmagical people house for a month. She's got their right to know what is been happen-' 'Hang on....!' Interrupted Katy loudly.

'How come Naddalin gets his questions answered?' And- yah- said Céline angrily.

'Yen's- we have been trying to get stuff out of you for a month and you have not told us a single stouter thing!' Said Katy.

'You're too young, you are not in their Order,' said Céline, in a high-pitched, voice, that sounded uncannily like her mothers. 'Naddalin's not even of age!'

'It's not my fault you have not been told what their orders doing,' said Trius calmly, 'that's your parents' decision. Naddalin, on their other hand.'

'It's not down to you to decide what is good for Naddalin!' said Mr.'s Railie sharply.

Their expression on her normally kind face looked dangerous. 'You have not forgotten what Duerre said, I suppose?'

'Which bit...?' Trius asked politely, but with their air of a man readying herself for a fight.

There is bit about not telling Naddalin more than she needs to know,' said Mr.'s Railie, placing a heavy emphasis on their last three words.

Jinger, Emmah, Céline, and Katy's heads swiveled from Trius to Mr.'s Railie as though they were following a tennis rally. Jill

was kneeling amid a pile of Butterbeer corks, watching their conversation with her mouth slightly open. Sevket's eyes were fixed on Trius.

'I do not intend to tell her more than she needs to know, Molly,' said Trius.

'Nevertheless, as she was the one who saw Waltemath come back' (again, there was a joint shudder around their table at their name) like she has righter than most too.'

She- it is not a member of their order of their Durizyl!' said Mr.'s Railie. 'she's only going to look and be around fifteen- and... soul in the body- and mind- like them all- that is what

she well stays along with her barcode numbers,
like them all, the age they became- soul- fallen.'

'And she is dealt with as much as
most in their Order,' said Trius,' and more than
some.'

'Knopper ones denying what she's
Deanahe!' said Mr.'s Railie, her voice rising, her
fists trembling on their arms of her chair.' But
she's still...'

- 'She's not a child!' said Trius
impatiently.

- 'She's not an adult either!' said

Mr.'s Railie, their color rising in her cheeks.

'she's not' Alyssa, Trius!

'I'm perfectly clear who she is,

thanks, Molly,' said Trius coldly.

'I'm not sure you are!' Said Mr.'s

Railie.

- 'Sometimes, their way you talk

about her, it is as though you think you have

your best friend back!'

- 'What's Jigger with that?' said

Naddalin.

- 'What's winger, Naddalin, is that you are not your daddy, however much you might look like her!' said Mr.'s Railie, her eyes still boring into Trius.

- 'You are still at Savannah and adults responsible for you should not forget it!'

'Meaning- I am an irresponsible God daddy?'

Oh- deliquesced Trius, his voice rising.

'Connotation you have been known to act rashly, Trius, which is why-why- Duerre keeps reminding, you to stay at home...

- And-

'Well leave my orders from Duerre out of this if you please!' said Trius deafeningly.

'Arthur!' said Mr.'s Railie, rounding on her publicities.' Arthur, back me up!

Mr. Railie did not speak at once. She took off her glasses and cleaned them on her black wispy like robes, only when she had replaced them carefully on her nose did, he reply, he is being her love of life did that.

'Duerre knows their position has changed, Molly. She accepts that Naddalin must

be filled in, to a certain extent now that she is staying at Headquarters."

'Yes, but there is an alteration between that and inviting her to ask whatever she likes!' 'Partially,' said Sevket quietly, some ways, away from Trius at last, as Mr.'s Railie turned quickly to her, hopeful that finally, she was about to get an ally, 'I think it better that Naddalin gets their facts not all their facts, Molly, but their general picture from us, rather than a garbled version from... others.'

Her expression was mild, but Naddalin felt sure Sevket, at least, knew that some

Extendable Ears had survived Mr.'s Rallies
purge.

'Well,' said Mr.'s Railie, breathing
deeply And Pa. around their table for the
support that did not come, 'well... I can see I
am going to be overruled. I will just say this:
Duerre, must have had she- regards for not
wanting Naddalin to know too much, and sequin
as someone who has

Naddalin's best interests at heart.'

'She' is not your girl,' said Trius
quietly.

'She' is as good as... f*cked,' said Mr.'s Railie fiercely.' Who else has she- got that feeling about her?'

~*~

- 'She's got me!'

Part: 8

'Yes,' said Mr.'s Railie, her lip- curling,' they are- thing is, it is ratted her difficult for you to look after her while you have been locked UP in Dizery ! And, has not it?'

Trius started to rise from the chairs.

'Molly, you are not there- the only
pergirl at their table who cares about
Naddalin,' said Sevketa sharply. 'Trius, sit down.'

Mr.'s Rallies' lower lip was trembling.
Trius sank flying back into the chairs, at this
point face white as could be.

'I think Naddalin ought to be allowed
a say in there,' Sevketa continued, 'she- 's old
enough to decide for herself.'

'I want to know what's been going
on,' Naddalin said simultaneously.

She- did not look at Mr.'s Railie. Her-
had been touchers- d by what she- had said
about she is as good as a girl, but she- was also
impatient with the mollycoddling. Trius was
right, she- was not a child.

'Very well,' said Mr.'s Railie, her voice-
racquet.' Jill, Jinger, Emmah, Céline, & Katy. I's
want you out of their kitchen- n, now.'

There- was an instant uproar.

'Whereof age!' Céline And Katy
bellowed together.

'If Naddalin's allowed, why cannot I?'
shouted Jinger.

'Mom, I want to see- are!' wailed Jill.

'NO...!' shouted Mr.'s Railie,
timewasting up, her eyes over bright like the
light sky of Earth that we used to know.' I
forbid.'

'Molly, you cannot stop Céline And
Katy,' said Mr. Railie wearily. They are of age.'

'Theory is still at Savannah.'

'But they are legally adults now,' said
Mr.

Railie, in their- same tired voice.

Mr.'s Railie was now scarlet in their-
face.

'I'm oh, all right there- n, Céline, And
Katy can stay, but Jinger.'

'Nathaniel tells,' me... And Emmah
everything you say anyway!' said Jinger
passionately. 'Won't will not you?' She- added
uncertainly, meeting Naddalin's eyes.

For a split second, Naddalin considered
telling Jinger that she- would not tell her a

single word, that she- could try a taste of being
kept in their- dark and see how she- liked it.

Never she- less their- nasty impulse
vanished- as they looked at each other.

'Course I's will,' Naddalin said.

Jinger... and... Emmah smiled.

Part: 9

'Fine!' shouted Mr.'s Railie. 'Fine! Jill-
BED!'

Jill did not go quietly; they could shape
she is raging and storming at her mother- r all
their- way up there- stairs, and she- n' she-

reached their- hall Mr.'s Blacks ear-splitting shrieks were added to their- din. Sevket hurried off to their- portrait to restore calm. It was only after she- had returned, closing their- kitchen- n door behind her and dequeen she seats at their- table again, that Trius spoke.

'Okay, Naddalin... what do you want to know?'

Naddalin took a deep breath... And asked their- question that had obsessed her for their- last month.

'Where's Waltemath?' she- said, ignoring their- renewed shudders and winces at

their- name. 'What's she- doing? I have been trying to watch their- nonmagical people news, and their- re has not been anything that looks like her yet, no funny deaths or anything.'

'That is because- they have not been any funny deaths yet,' said Trius, 'Not any way... And we know quite a- lot.'

'More than she- thinks we do, anyway,' said Sevket.

'How come she- 's stopped killing people?' Naddalin asked. She- knew Waltemath had murdered more than once in their- last year alone.

'Because she- does not want to draw attention to herself,' said Trius. 'It would be dangerous for her. Her comeback did not come off quite their- way she- wanted it to, you see. She- messed it up.'

'Or rats her-, you messed it tip for her,' said Sevket, with a satisfied smile.

'How?' Naddalin asked, perplexed.

'You were not supposed to survive!' said Trius.

'Nobody apart from the Death Eaters was supposed to know she'd come back.

But you survived to bear witness.

'And they're- very last per girl she-
wanted to be alerted to her return their-
moment she- got back was Duerre,' said Sevketa.

'And you made sure Duerre knew at
once.' 'How has that she- led?' Naddalin asked.

'Are you kidding?' Said Sara
incredulously. 'Duerre was there- the only one
You Know Who was ever scared of!'

Thanks to you, Duerre could recall
their- Order of their- Durizy about an hour
after Waltemath returned,' said Trius.

Part: 10

'So, what is their- Order been doing?'
said Naddalin, Looking around at them all.

'Torquing as hard as we can to make
sure Waltemath cannot carry out the plans,'
said Trius.

How would you know what she plans
are?' Naddalin asked quickly.

'Duerre's got a shrewd idea,' said
Sevket, 'And Duerre's shrewd ideas normally
turn out to be correct.'

'So-o what does Duerre reckon she- 's
planning?'

~Planning...

Interval: 3

The Underworld

Open your eyes... too the...

Underworld-

I opened my eyes- towards- Mattie,
obviously- as well as to my bigger sister, who
has saved me many- countless times from the
dark underneath of the black deaths- lost in
time and space alike, a place that one can only
dream of... yet feels- oh so really going- into, as
well as for who I would delightedly go down
underneath deep in and wish- to save from-
The Underworld.

Creep... creep... creeping in on them...

One mysterious, cryptic, and
ambiguous night when Megan went to bed,
Mattie was her flabby, stumpy, chocolate-
burrowing and junk- food, pop-loving litter sister,
who the annoyed the crap out of her, and
charmed her both in a fun playful way, a way
that on two that are clause would understand
and get...

~*~

Then the next morning, and when she
woke up, she was no longer. Do you get that?
NO LONGER!

~*~

Perhaps- Magen could not define the transformations which took place here. Can you yet...?

~*~

She looked the same yet was not she said the same, yet it was not, she loved me, yet it was not the same love I felt back, he was not her. Do you get that? She- was no longer...

~*~

Mattie and was wearing the same pair of ratty fleece pajamas red, with the same yet his with the little toe sticking out, of

course, that would be her, the hole gets bigger
every night I see her; just like in the back too,
the girl she is getting chubby, and he arose
down the set of steps precisely the same way
the actual, genuine- Mattie would have done:
thumb, bump, banged, sliding on his rump, all
the way doing to the landing.

Saying- we-e-e-e!

~*~

However, she was not the equivalent
of what I know her as. In actual truth, here,
he was, quite unlike the others his and my age.

~*~

It was approximately- in the way she
is observing her: It was as though celebrity
had stretched behindhand his eyes and twisted
away with diligent and complete enthusiasm.
Were young girls we do not understand are
underworld... do you...?

~*~

Mattie- marched snakingly, oh too
silently, noiselessly, and like a glimmer of
something underworldly.

~*~

Silent steps he made to the table,
she sat kindly sat like a stone in his chair
emotionless to the real world, that we live in,
plus he placed a paper towel on his lap.

~*~

The real Mattie never used a bib or
towel. Yet she- was all neat and such... she just
whipped it wherever she pleased. Yet nothing
not one of the old guys or girls here noticed- a
thing- wrong- with her. Can you see it...?

~*~

Mrs. Smith is Megan's mother. Do you see here there, just doing her day-to-day thing?

Mrs. Smith did not break for her kid's attraction lost in the crazed- fantasy world of work and distress, and being worked up over it, nonstop categorization from end to end the stack of bills on the kitchen table, making occasional noises of unhappiness.

~*~

Megan's father continuous fly- by- night in and out of the room, his tie loosened, in addition to that only wearing one sock and no paints- just boxers, muttering distractedly on

the cell phone about nothing that makes any senses.

~*~

The imitation- Mattie to me not them, picked up her spoon as well as offered me some of her cherished food, which just does not happen. With this big girl that love- love- loves to eat everything in his sight, is that, not, right?

~*~

With that creepy- so- o eerie- appearance, appearance, which chilled me to the

very center core of my young little body. Do you
see me there? Do you see my brown hair and my
bow ties...?

~*~

My big and stunning immense russet
eyes? Am I not- I am cute to you?

Do you see my little face in pale white,
glow in the morning sun coming in from the
window over there by the sink, mom doing the
dishes, and everything else she does all at once
it seems to me?

~*~

Then the phony- Mattie starts to
eat his lucky- cereal bits, painstakingly,
unhurriedly, harpooning all the alphabet letters
out of his Alpha- bits one by one as well as
reinforcing them up along the rim of her bowl.

Spilling out- creep- creepy- little- girl-
die!

~*~

I see in her eyes the spider calling
form he is dead eyes and out of them, giving me
this message that was drug down to the
coldness and dampness of- The Underworld-ness
below us.

~*~

I could hear the music eerie to me
playing her to sleep or it seemed to me... the
horn was all I could make out... it was all
muffled to my stifled ear, under and I look at
the hole of temptation between downwards
that is only part of me that goes in my soul its-
I finger it and they- come, is where they must
have taken her... do you think so?

Was the door under her bed was
glowing...? It is all most underworld time...
Creepers...

~*~

Megan's heart dropped for the chest to foot and back up... in panic. She knew at that moment, at the time, on this day, in this year, what had come about... as well as she distinguished, that the heavens were up like the real world to me as I go down in the heat of the moment and if you turned around fast, spinning in the confusion, circling down to the dark depths below, and then stood motionless... so still.

~*~

As the evil ripped through me and my figure, like spiders calling all over me. Tangled in

the webs of their chromes. Like me going
through them with my lantern, I could not see
up or down or around just the voices of
temptations.

Come, come, see us, hear us, play
with- US...we got cookies and candy if you give
up your soul to us!

~*~

The entire underworld just keeps
turning the circling around me, deeper and
deeper, lower, and lower... I went- hearing all
their voices getting amplified to me.

Just maybe his too, Mattie's soul had been taken by- The Underworld entities.

As well as they had left this thing, all kinds of things behind, in my room and her area, do you see them?

~*~

This not- my younger- sister, she has been replaced... or is it?

Is it some other form of her too?
'Mom,' she said, and then, when her mother did not immediately respond, tried again a little louder.

(Back to that mooring)

'Mom.'

'Yes...' -Magg.

Mom- 'Mum?' I said fast and abruptly! I jumped, to the harshness of her high squally pain in the butt sometimes voice. She narrowed her eyes at her for an instant, the same way she has observed me and her when we do something wrong, and they say your full name.

~*~

Like always- 'Mattie's being weird,'
Megan said.

Mom- stared alertly at my daughter,
nevertheless with cold eyes. Then I twirled
around, unexpectedly, to my husband looking at
me with wonder and concern to my ways. 'Did
you ever pay the electric bill and the rest we
can afford?'

~*~

Mom- I did not seem to hear her as
I was predated away about nothing, but her
young ways of kiddish mumbling. 'Have you seen
my glasses, and my phone, my, I-pad, and mind?'

~*~

Dad- was questioning, lifting the banana, and peering underneath of it, and it was so turning my tummy looking at it, I am not a dumb girl you know.

He- he- he...

~*~

'They're on your head doing cartwheels.' STOP!

'My reading glasses... are...?'

Mom- I sighed impatiently. 'It says this is our absolute ultimate announcement. I

do not recollect the first notice. Did we pay the electric bill? I could have sworn...'

I do not worry about this sh*t! I am little girl remember I was thinking. I do not say yet that is for sure.

~*~

'I can't go to work without my glasses!' Mr. Smith opened the refrigerator, stared at its contents, closed the refrigerator, and dashed out of the room into the living room for the door without. Through the table, it feels as I hit my leg... damn-it.

~*~

The replica- Mattie began rearranging the cereal letters on the outside of his bowl. She spelled out three words: I H-A-T-E y-o-u! Besides, you are going to die tonight in my room if you do not come down with me.

~*~

Then she gathered her hands, and stared at her with that bizarrely unoccupied look, as though the black part of his eyes had eaten up all the color.

Down I went... Holding this child's
hand... Come...

The Underworld- is like... a webbed
field of never- endianness, the raps you mind
clean of you and your thoughts. The underworld
could be the holes that go in me. it wants to
come out and play with me too.

~*~

Megan's insides trembled again as it
comes for her. Seeing the twigs, and all the
lights and branches suck her in, like she.

She slid off her chair and went over
to her mother.

She tugged at the sleeve of her
mother's nightgown, which had a small coffee
stain on its elbow.

(Back to midday)

'Mommy.'

'Yes, baby?' she asked absentmindedly.

'Mattie's freaking me out.'

'Mattie,' Mrs. Smith said, without
looking up from her notepad, on which she was

now scribbling various figures. 'Stop bothering your sister like that.'

Here is what the real Mattie would have done: He would have stuck out his tongue or thrown his napkin at Megan in retribution, or he would have said, 'It's her face that's the bother.'

Nevertheless, this impostor did none of those things. The impostor just stared quietly at Megan and smiled.

Her teeth looked very white. 'Mom-' Megan swore, and her mother sighed, besides

also, threw down her pencil with so much force that it bounced.

~*~

‘Please, Megan,’ she said, with barely concealed impatience. ‘Can’t you see that I’m busy? Why don’t you go outside and play for a bit?’

Megan knew better than to argue with her mother when she was in a mood.

So, she went outside. It was a hot and hazy morning- far too hot for late April.

She was hoping to see one of the neighbors out doing something- watering a plant, walking a dog- but it was very still.

Megan, never- ever saw the neighbors. It was not that kind of neighborhood. She did not even know most of their names: only Mrs. Rosenblatt, who was so old she looked exactly like a snip.

Today, as on most days, Mrs. Rosenblatt was sitting on her porch, rocking, and fanning herself with one of the Chinese delivery menus that were often stuck

mysteriously, invisibly, in the middle of the
night- under the front door.

'Hello,' she called out to Megan and
waved. 'Hello!'

Megan called back... she liked Mrs.
Rosenblatt, even though Mrs. Rosenblatt
hardly ever moved except to rock in her chair
and could not be counted on to do anything
interesting.

~*~

Mrs. Rosenblatt liked to rock even in
cold- weather, and she would appear on her

porch so bundled in blankets and scarves, she looked like an overfilled coatrack.

‘Would you like a glass of milk?’

Mrs. Rosenblatt called out. ‘Or a cookie?’ She offered Megan milk, and a cookie every time they saw each other unless it was winter; in which case, she offered hot chocolate and a cookie.

‘Not today, thank you,’ Megan said. Remorsefully, as she always did. She was not allowed- to accept things to eat or drink from nonfamily members. Megan often wished the rule applied to Family Members instead.

She would much rather have had one of Mrs.

Rosenblatt's cookies than her Aunt Stirginia's tuna casserole. She wondered whether she should tell Mrs. Rosenblatt about Mattie but decided against it.

(Three weeks previous)

Magen- I am at recess when she had tried to tell Sammie and Ellie, was so wrong about the underworldly societies, and the constant threat they posed, they had laughed at her and called her a liar. Mrs. Rosenblatt was a good listener- partly, Megan thought

because she could not hear very well,
nonetheless, Megan did not want to jeopardize
this.

~*~

There was only one thing that Megan
loathed more than liars, besides that was being
suspects of being one. At one edge of the yard,
a pile of pinecones has been neatly stacked.

~*~

Megan had decided them this only
yesterday, thinking that she and Mattie might
play a round of Pinecone bowling in the morning.

Nevertheless, she could not play with the false Mattie; he would no doubt find a way to cheat.

~*~

She had a sudden wrenching fierce desire for Anna, her old babysitter, to come home.

Why?

Not sure, she would have played with me over the years, outside and in she showed me so much about myself too and the

underworld that goes down in me that is where she went- I just know it.

At least that is what I think... do you?

Last fall in me was Anna, she did not believe that I have the world to me, till she entered the black hole of mine, she has gone away to middle school not long before...

This meant that she had stimulated, and could not babysit anymore, besides instead Megan and Mattie were left with Mandy, who always chewed her gum too loudly and did not

like to play games- she did not like anything,
really, except talking on the phone.

~*~

Anna had come over to babysit
several times during her summer vacation, but
on her spring break, she had gone away with
her friends. Megan, Mattie, and Sammie had
gotten a water-warped postcard from her, but
most of the writing had been too blurry to read.

~*~

I have the postcard she had sent
from the beach, after all this time, and a white

sweatshirt with a fierce-looking bear on the front, explaining in the involved note that it was her school's mascot.

Mattie had cried like a baby when it turned out the sweatshirt was in Megan's size, and she had finally lent it to her.

He had promptly spilled tomato sauce on it, and she had refused to speak to her for an entire day.

Megan knew it was stupid, but sometimes she fantasized, that Anna would turn up again and confess her deepest secret: that Megan and Mattie were, in fact, her

siblings, and they had all been torn apart by
some horrible event when they were little and
forced into different families.

Oh!

Um-hum! Come for us...

Do you see the lying silt ship that
leads into 'The Underworld?'

The Underworld- is a dark wet place,
where you come in and see the thing that
brings you joy, yet makes you feel weak to the
wrongness of what you are doing to yourself,

there is no light only wonder, there are voices
come, screaming for you to come...

Like sweeping the sides of you until
you have no choice, but move the feel goods of
their games, that they play as they get you to
do as they say, and then enter you and play with
your brain and you no longer you going on with
your day, what do you say- do you play with your
underworld; Maddie went into their mine, and he
not coming out.

~*~

Megan's fantasies were a little hazy
after that point, but she thought that

somehow, she, Anna, and Mattie would end up on a long journey together, hunting down some of the magical creatures Anna had always told them about, like gnomes and nymphets (who were gorgeous, then again corrupt wicked-tempered.)

Megan sighed; Anna would also have known what to do about the spider-like entities got her to as she went into her hole to the underworld. She was the creature who had first told Megan and Mattie about them.

She was the one who had warned them about the strange spider creatures and

had told them what they must do to be
dwindling.

Megan scanned the yard for gnomes
but saw nothing. Only last week, Mattie, the
real Mattie, had spotted one scampering into
the rhododendron.

~*~

The real me was not there either
they were making me come, for their ways and
not my own, as I went on trying to do me, and
my day.

'Look, Megan!' She had cried out, and she had turned just in time to see a hard, brown hide, which was as fractured along with worn as a leather purse.

~*~

It was too hot for the gnomes today, Megan decided. Anna had told Megan they preferred cool climates.

Megan pressed her face up against the small fir tree that stood next to the birdbath, inhaling deeply.

It was easier to see the magic
through its branches, she found.

The itchy needles poked deeply into
her skin, and she stood and squinted through
the layers of khaki.

Looking at the world through the fir
tree meant seeing only the essential things: the
vivid olive of the meadow's, dew glistening on
petals, a robin flicking its tail, a squirrel rustling
through the rhododendron, a miracle of life, and
growth that forever pulsed under the
commonplaceness.

~*~

Advantageous, of course, it was only when looking through the tree that you could make a wish, and have it come true, Anna had also told them that.

Megan spoke a wish quietly into the scratchy branches.

We will not repeat it... All and sundry know that only wishes that are kept secret will ever come true.

On the other hand, then again know this: Oh! All- the desire was about Mattie and finding what was with me, as the world of an image that I felt doing this... looking for the

wandering things that would make you wonder,
I may find digging and fingering myself, for her
inside me.

~*~

Megan heard a step behind her. She
turned and saw the Mattie- who- was- not long
her to me- or them, Mattie standing on the
front porch, watching her.

Megan sucked in a deep breath like
she sucked us into her underworld as we look
and put our head and body down in it to get
there, gathered her early age, and said, 'You

are not my sister.' not- Mattie stared at her with flat blue eyes. 'I am,' she said calmly.

'You are not them; I am not me doing this.'

'Am too... I said it too do you see that I am I do not lie... you know that sissy.'

'Prove it,' Megan said, crossing her arms, and she tried to think of a question whose answer only the real Mattie would know.

She was quiet for a bit. At last, she asked, 'When you are playing hide- and- seek on a rainy day, not she is doing it in me, what is the best hiding space?'

~*~

The old place was- 'Behind the
bookcase in the basement,' not- Mattie
answered automatically. 'In the crawl space
that smells like mold.' Megan was disappointed.

She had gotten it right; this fake
Mattie was smarter than she gave her credit
for- smarter, she would not wonder, than the
real Mattie.

(Though that was not saying much.
only a week ago, the real Mattie had tried to
turn the basement into a swimming pool by
flooding the sink! Absurd.)

Maybe- she needed to ask a former question within.

‘What must you do every night before you go to sleep?’

Megan said, eyeing the fake- Mattie narrowly to see whether there was any hesitation or shiftiness in her answer.

However, she re-joined promptly, drawing a big X across her chest, ‘you must cross yourself once from shoulder to hip and say aloud, ‘sweep, sweep, bring me to sleep.

Clear the webs from my room with
the bristliest broom.'

~*~

Megan was stunned. She had been
sure positive! The question: would baffle fake-
Mattie, but her answer was correct, and he
stood looking at her with an expression of
triumph.

When Anna had first discovered the
underworld entries, she had invented this rhyme
as a way of keeping the underworld boys at bay
while they slept. The girl in the underworld

makes me come to them and play with the top
and bottoms of the getaways, to the soul.

~*~

Everyone knows there is nothing a
spider fears' more than a broom, and someone
sweeping with it, and the broom charm had
protected them for years. Mattie, the real
Mattie, must have forgotten to say the
bedtime magnetism last night before she went
to sleep.

She and Megan had been fighting
about seeing each other's worlds- Mattie had
accused her of stealing her favorite socks,

which were sapphire, and embroidered with turtles, as though she would ever have worn anything so preposterous- besides, Megan called her distrustful, and when he did not know what that meant, she stormed into his room and slammed the door.

~*~

She was distracted; that must be why she had not said the broom charm. Megan felt a heavy rush of guilt. It was her fault, at least partially. And so, The Underworld guys had gotten her: They had dropped down from the ceiling on their glistening webs of shadowed

darkness and dropped their silken threads in her ear, and extracted his soul slowly, like a fisher persuading some trout from the water on a taut nylon fishing line.

In its place, they deposited their eggs; then they withdrew to their shadowed, dark corners and their underground lairs with her soul bound closely in silver thread.

And the soulless shell would wake the next morning, and walk, and talk, as counterfeit-Mattie was walking and talking.

All the same eventually, the soulless shell would crumble to dust, and thousand-

Underworld guys and some girls- nested and grown- would burst forth, like a Megan hatching from an egg.

And distraught parents would wake up, believing their children to have been kidnapped while they slept, and they would appear tearfully on television, begging for their children's safe return, when The Underworld gangs were to blame.

Megan felt a sudden tightness in her throat as they made squirt it all out within and she saw them all as they giggle saying it is all right to do this.

'You see oozing with this webbing!'

The sham- Mattie crowed. 'I told you. I am your sister.' Then Megan was struck by an idea.

'Come here,' she said to not- Mattie, and even though she was filled with revulsion by the closeness of this imitation, this cold and cardboard thing, she forced herself to stand still as she approached.

Unexpectedly she lunged for her and began tickling her tummy.

~*~

The real Mattie was extraordinarily ticklish and would have screamed with laughter and tried to shove Megan off and begged for mercy.

Megan loved the sound of Mattie's joke. It came, in short, explosive bursts, as though each time she was relearning how to do it.

This Mattie stood still, watching her dully. 'What are you doing?' She asked.

~*~

Megan pulled away as I went back down in me and then she was all up in mine too. She then had the same feeling she had had several years ago, when she had swung too high and too fast on the swings at the playground, and the world teetered underneath her: a feeling of triumph but also of terror.

She knew it...

This Mattie was not the real Mattie. And that meant that the soul of the real Mattie had been bound up in the silver thread and carried deep underground and that inside the body of not- Mattie, insects were nesting.

Megan drew herself up to her full four feet four inches.

'I am not afraid of you,' she said- to fake Mattie, but she was, of course, speaking to all those infant underworld boys sleeping soundly in their thousands of soft eggs, somewhere deep inside his chest.

And of course, she was afraid. She was more afraid than she had ever been in her life.

'I will find my real sister, and I will bring her back to me and my mommy and daddy,

that doesn't get that I play with newly found-
Underworld.'

~*~

In addition to then she spun quickly
on her heel and stalked off toward the house,
so not- Mattie and the tiny monsters he carried
inside her would not see that she was shaking.

Let us just say- I never- ever
stopped playing with this under world, but I
did find out what it was... and where it can
take, she and me...

I hope you understand this
Underworld to and have fun with it...

We will come for you too...